MOSTLY LIES.

Said Jones: "I hardly ever ride,
For crowded cars I can't abide,
And carriages I do despise—
I am so fond of exercise."

"I bring my lunch," said Smith, elate,
"For noisy restaurants I hate;
Besides, I'd spoil my appetite
For dinner when I'm home at night."

Said Brown: "I'm tough; I never wear
An overcoat. I do declare
I do not feel the cold like those
Half-frozen chaps weighed down with clothes."

"I never touch cigars," Green spoke.
"They're made of stuff unfit to smoke;
For healthfulness or comfort ripe
Give me my fragrant brier pipe."

And so we all apologize
And make excuses—mostly lies,
Because we dare not say with sense
We go without to save expense.
—*Chicago Sun.*

HEIRESS OR NO HEIRESS.

Why Mattie Meredith Wanted to Learn Housework.

The old Oxweed farm-house was looking its very best and prettiest in the yellow August sunshine, as Mattie Meredith came up the foot-path with her trim traveling satchel in her hand.

Mrs. Oxweed was feeding her young goslings at the kitchen door; she started up to welcome the unexpected guest.

"Why, my dearie," she cried, "I thought you would be waltzing at Newport or counting over your beaux at Saratoga before this time!"

But Mattie shook her golden-brown curls.

"No," she said, "I am tired of Newport—and Saratoga don't suit me this year. Do you know what I have come here for, Mrs. Oxweed?"

"I couldn't possibly guess," said the farmer's wife, tenderly brushing the dust from Mattie's plumed hat.

"To learn how to do housework," said Mattie.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Oxweed, "why, what has a young lady like you to do with drudgery?"

"But, *you* do it, don't you?"

"That's because I'm obliged to," said Mrs. Oxweed laughing.

"And that's precisely why *I* want to do it," said Mattie, seriously. "Things have changed, Mrs. Oxweed. Life looks very differently to me from what it used to do!"

"Deary, dear," said the kindly farmer's wife. "I couldn't have believed it. Riches has wings, says the Good Book; and I'm sure there's proof enough of it in this world. And your poor ma, how does *she* take it, Miss Mattie?"

"Mamma is as well as usual," said Mattie. "But please let me come in, and have a cup of tea, Mrs. Oxweed. I'm a little tired with the journey."

"To be sure, deary, to be sure," said Mrs. Oxweed. "Tea is just ready. But, I've got five boarders, Miss Mattie."

"I won't be in the way," said Mattie, pleadingly. "You can tuck me anywhere. I should so like the little garret bedroom, Mrs. Oxweed, that looks out into the bough of the cherry tree."

"And you shall have it my dear, and welcome," said Mrs. Oxweed. "But the two young theological students have the big front room, and Mr. Joyce Hazeltine, that writes funny lectures, has the back bedroom, and Mr. John Jefferson has the room on the wing, and Lieutenant Cooper sleeps in the slope-roofed room off the parlor. We're pretty well crowded, my dear. But there is always room for you."

"I remember them all," said Mattie with sparkling eyes, "except Mr. Hazeltine. We used to have such merry times last year, didn't we!"

"And every one of 'em was dead in love with you," said Mrs. Oxweed. "Oh, you needn't blush and look so confused, Miss Mattie; its human nature, isn't it?"

And Mattie, resting on the big parlor sofa where the cool green lights sifted through the maple boughs half an hour later, could hear the voices of the boarders at their tea.

"Miss Meredith back again?" cried Mr. Jefferson. "Why, it will be a renewal of old times!"

"Miss Meredith was a most charming young lady," said Mr. Dover, the eldest of the spectacled young theologians.

"Most remarkably so," said Mr. Laidlaw, the younger, who had very red hair and a Roman nose.

"The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life," said Lieutenant Cooper.

"Really," exclaimed Mr. Hazeltine, "I've a great curiosity to cultivate her acquaintance."

Mrs. Oxweed bridled and fluttered with pleasure. Years ago, before she had married her farmer husband, she had been Mattie Meredith's nurse, and she loved the girl still with almost maternal tenderness.

"And you'll find every word they say is true, Mr. Hazeltine," said she. "But, dear me! things isn't as they used to be. I'm afraid, from what Miss Mattie has told me, that Mr. Meredith has had bad luck with his investments. She won't be an heiress any longer, poor dear!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Oxweed, pausing in his task of carving cold lamb. "But what will she do, Mary Ann?"

"What other folks does, to be sure," said his wife, briskly. "Bless her heart! she ain't one to sit down and lament over spilled milk. She told me with her own lips that she had come here to learn to do housework."

"Housework, eh?" said Mr. Oxweed. "But I didn't s'pose as the young ladies called that sort o' thing genteel nowadays. Painting on cheeny, now, or giving music lessons, or fine sewing—"

"Oxweed! hold your tongue!" said his wife. "Whatever Miss Mattie Meredith does will be right and proper. And that's enough for you and me to know."

Mattie lay quite still on the sofa, thinking. And as she thought a mischievous smile came dimpling over her face.

"Perhaps it is just as well, after all," she said to herself.

When she joined the little group on the veranda that evening, with the purple dusk glooming over the head of Black Mountain, and the night-birds whistling sweetly in the woods, her welcome was various. Mr. Jefferson, a tall, handsome man, who was supposed to be "well off," bowed low, but a little formally. Mr. Davidson Dover's spectacled gaze shone frigidly upon her, as he glanced up from his big "Commentary on the Gospels."

"I hope I see you well," said he.

Mr. Laidlaw bowed, scraped and dropped her hand almost as soon as he had taken it, and retreated back into the parlor, murmuring something about letters to write. Lieutenant Cooper shook hands so cordially that the pretty pink knuckles smarted full five minutes afterwards, and then seated himself as closely to her as the rules and regulations of civilized society would permit. Mr. Hazeltine said something polite, and retired into a shadowed corner, doubtless to think up "something funny" for the new series of lectures which he was going to deliver in the Southwest that autumn.

Mattie Meredith spoke up, as soon as she had established herself on the settee, with the cat in her lap.

"Mr. Jefferson," said she, "what do girls do when they want to earn their own living?"

Mr. Jefferson twisted and turned in his seat like an impaled beetle.

"Really," said he, "you have consulted a poor oracle. I—I am not capable of advising in such an emergency as this. Very sorry, of course, but—"

"Perhaps Mr. Dover could suggest something," mischievously asked Mattie.

"Oh, I assure you, nothing of the kind," said Mr. Dover. "There's the factories, you know, and—and—Laidlaw might have some idea—"

"Oh, no; no ideas at all," said Mr. Laidlaw. "The mosquitoes torment me to death here. I guess I'll take my desk up stairs, if the company will excuse me."

Lieutenant Cooper said nothing; but later on in the evening he proposed to walk down to the little spring in the woods.

"The moon is just rising," he said, "and really there is no dew to speak of. *Please* come, Miss Meredith!"

So Mattie wrapped her white and gold *burnous* around her, and walked with him down the shaded path, where they had so often walked before.

But, close beside the spring, he turned abruptly to her, and stopped.

"Miss Meredith," said he, "we have known each other for some time now. I'm only a poor naval officer, but I've my pay, and there is always the prospect of promotion. It goes to my heart to hear you talk of earning your own living—a delicate girl like you. Let *me* earn it for you. Promise to become my wife. For, indeed," he added in his honest, straightforward way, "I've loved you ever since I met you here last summer. As an heiress I should not have ventured to ask you to share my humble lot. But now—"

"Oh, Lieutenant Cooper!" she began, and then paused.

"Yes, I know it seems presumptuous," said he. "But we've a pretty old homestead in Virginia, where your father and mother would be heartily welcome. And I would work my fingers to the bone to provide every comfort for you and them, and—Oh, Mattie, is it possible that you can teach yourself to love me?"

"I—might—*try*," slyly murmured Mattie. "That is, if—"

And then she found herself clasped in the arms of the man who had loved her so long and so faithfully.

"But you're very much mistaken," she added, after a little.

"Not in supposing that you love me?" said the Lieutenant, in some apprehension.

"In believing that I am such a pauper," said Mattie. "Papa has met with no losses whatever. I came out here to learn to do housework, because I've just joined a Domestic Club, one of whose rules is that every member must thoroughly understand the details of her own household; but dear old Mrs. Oxweed took it for granted that I was penniless, and when I saw that all the rest believed the same thing I couldn't resist the mischievous impulse to gauge their true regard for me; and you, Harry, are the only one who was willing to lift a finger in my behalf."

"Rich or poor," said the Lieutenant, stoutly, "*I* would go to the end of the world for you, Mattie!"

So he won his wife.

It was a long time before Mrs. Oxweed would believe that Mattie Meredith was as much of an heiress as ever, for she could not possibly credit it that any girl could learn housework for her own pleasure.

"Young ladies are so queer nowadays," said she.—*Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.*

—On a certain street in Denver is a stone mansion of surpassing elegance, which, with its grounds, cost nearly one million dollars. Directly opposite, on a vacant lot, is a tent, boarded up inside as far as the angle of the roof. The back end of it is pierced with a stove-pipe and in the front end are a door and window. In the window hangs a curtain of costly lace and in the tent is a piano of exquisite tone. The tent itself did not cost twenty dollars. The piano, upholstery and furniture inside are said to have cost over three thousand dollars. The owner, planted his tent here over twenty-five years ago, and is one of the moderately successful Colarado miners, being worth about fifty thousand dollars. He prefers his tent to any dwelling house, and says he would not exchange it for Windsor Castle.—*Denver News.*

—It has been observed that co-operative stores are springing up in various parts of the country.

INDIANS WINTERING.

In a Cheyenne Tepee With a Half Dozen Lazy Bucks—Queer Substitutes for Tobacco.

I drove up to the Indian camp near here a day or two ago, and took a peep into a number of tepees to see how the Cheyennes were making out with the thermometer at forty-seven degrees below zero. In the first lodge or tepee were half a dozen lazy bucks, sitting around a smoldering fire in the center of the place, and all furiously smoking—both the fire and the bucks. After being ejected from their nostrils in great clouds, the smoke ascended to the top, where the lodge-pole crossed, and escaped through an aperture left for that purpose. These idle fellows did nothing for a living, but sat around in a circle from morning till night, saying scarcely a word to one another and smoking incessantly. The squaws brought them a little parched corn once in awhile, which made up their bill of fare for the day. The first thing in the morning they would all take a smoke, and then eat a little corn for breakfast. Then they'd smoke again till dinner time, eat a little more corn and go to smoking again. The puffing would continue until evening, when supper would be had of the same old menu, a little more smoking, and then a bed of buffalo robes or animal skins until morning. Next day the same old laborious programme would be gone through with, and so on until the advent of warm weather.

I was a little curious to know just what the Indians were smoking, for I knew it was not tobacco from its peculiar odor—a sort of greenish freshness that was very pleasant to inhale. So I made bold to inquire of a Cheyenne buck, with whom I had some slight acquaintance from frequently seeing him in the post trader's store at the fort, what the compound was. Between my broken Cheyenne and his broken English we managed to make ourselves mutually understood, and this is the substance of it:

The stuff is called kinne-kan-nick, and is a sort of wild tobacco made from the bark of willow trees. During the summer the squaws gather a bundle of the large sized shoots and carry them to the tepee, where the wind does not blow, and there scrape off the bark with a knife. First the outside coating is taken off, which is thrown away; the soft inner bark is then scraped into a piece of antelope or deer skin and left to dry. It is of a dark greenish color, and emits a pleasant smell. When dry, the squaws grease their hands with buffalo fat, and then crush the bark until it is pulverized fine enough for the pipe, the result of which is the grease adhering to the particles of bark makes it burn freely. The Crows and Piegans use a sort of sumach for tobacco, which is found growing on a stunted vine in the Rocky Mountains, far above the perpetual snow-line.

All through this Cheyenne village Indians were existing rather than living, a kind of hibernation, as it were, awaiting the advent of warm weather before they come forth from their tepees to lay in a supply of kinne-kan-nick and parched corn for the ensuing winter. The Cheyennes have now a reservation set apart for them by Executive order dated November 26 last, and as their reserve joins the Crow reservation on the east, Agent Armstrong, the present agent of the Crows, is to act in a like capacity for the Cheyennes.

This reservation is about thirty miles long by twenty miles wide, and contains a little over six hundred square miles, or about three hundred and eighty-five thousand acres of land. It is on the south side of Yellowstone River, between the southern limit of the forty-mile grant of the Northern Pacific Railroad and the northern border of Wyoming. There are exactly six hundred and ten Cheyenne Indians to provide for, which will give just one square mile of land to each buck, squaw and pappoose. The order provides that bona fide settlers who were on the new reserve prior to October 31, 1884, should be allowed to remain and retain a homestead claim of one hundred and sixty acres of land each, but they must keep themselves, their herds and their flocks within their one hundred and sixty acres and not allow them to roam at large nor graze over the remainder of the reservation. There are fifteen settlers, or ranchmen, who come under the head of bona fide settlers, and their herds are scattered far and wide over the country. Considering it from any point of view, the order gives satisfaction to neither whites nor reds. The Indians do not want white men living on their reservation, and the latter want the Indians moved out of the country. For a long time the Cheyennes and the cattlemen have been at war—not real open warfare, but war on the sly; cowboys shooting at Cheyennes, and Cheyennes killing a steer or two when hard pressed by hunger, in which, as a general thing, the Indians got the worst of it—and as this remnant of a great race, nomadic for years, without an agent or an agency, have been knocked around for some years past, drawing no supplies from the Government, but endeavoring to take care of themselves as best they could, succeeding when left alone and only failing when crowded to the wall, and ought to have their sunset of life smoothed as much as possible by the people who have taken everything from them, it is no more than fair or right that the Cheyennes should either have been sent South to an agency where their kindred, the Sioux, are stationed, or else their new reservation should have been cleared of white interlopers and the Indians left to themselves in peace.

A little south and west of here are the Crows, who have been raising a rumpus with Montana cattlemen by signing an agreement looking to a lease of their reservation to a syndicate of Colorado cattlemen for grazing purposes. Word comes from Washington that the projected lease has fallen through, which is not believed by Montanians who are opposed to the scheme. The Crows are all right and are living in peace and plenty at their new agency on the Little Big Horn River.

In the Northwest the Piegans, who were starving to death at the rate of about thirty a month, are now rolling in an abundance of provisions of all kinds. Some of them fearing a famine similar to their late experience, and having no faith in the great father at Washington, "who will not let them go hungry any more" (so the agent tells them), are cacheing provisions by the wholesale to provide against a rainy day. The poor redskins have been burned once, and they don't want any more scorchings of that kind if it is possible to prevent it. This great tribe has been dreadfully thinned out during the past three years. The bucks, tall, stately, and of fine physique, who once trod the soil beneath their feet as if they were lords of it—(and they were, too, if we come right down to justice)—now go about with their heads down, broken in body, soul and spirit, soured on mankind, disgusted with the present and dreadful of the future.

The old men, women and children, once members of a great race, but now a nation of beggars, feel the effects, and show them plainly, too, of the late starvation policy forced upon them. They are bound to become extinct ere long, for the rations they get are insufficient for their support, and the game that once thronged the Northwest and supplied them with both food and clothing has long since disappeared from the country, so that there is nothing left except to subsist on what the Government chooses to give them, and when that falls short to go without and perish. No nation, race or people could long exist under such circumstances; and so, before many years, perhaps within the next decade, we may expect to see the remaining Piegans, like the last of the buffaloes, disappear from the country that has been their home for so many generations.

Perhaps it would be a good thing for this wretched people, instead of striving to exist under such circumstances, to give up the ghost without any further effort to keep body and soul together, and let themselves be gently and quietly gathered to their fathers by the white people who want their lands.—*Montana Cor. Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.*

DYNAMITE.

A Metropolitan Newspaper Sees no Ground for Alarm in the Explosive Tendencies of the Times.

Prof. Ely, of John Hopkins University, is quoted as saying, in reference to the recent dynamite crimes: "I believe we are just beginning to enter on a terrible era in the world's history—an era of internal and domestic warfare sueh as has never been seen, and the end of which only the Almighty can foretell." It is a pity that Prof. Ely should have said this, if he did say it, because the utterances of men occupying prominent positions are apt to produce a serious impression, and also because there is really no ground for any such gloomy and sensational forecast. As, however, many timid people are liable to be alarmed by the signs of the times and by such dark predictions as the above, it is worth while to show the unreasonableness of all grave apprehension concerning the future. The current of civilization is a broad and powerful stream, fed by innumerable tributaries of inherited tendency, and flowing with incalculable weight and force in the direction of aggregated present social evolution. Now, present social evolution, being the sum of social efforts at advancement, shows clearly the lines of greatest energy. The great mass of men are plainly working up toward better conditions by thoroughly peaceful, legitimate and natural methods. Development, in fact, is the characteristic of modern civilization; and since education is more diffused than ever, and since because of this the common mind is less conservative and more receptive of new ideas, the obstacles to necessary reforms are feeble, and change for the better is so easy as to justify all reasonable expectation.

This is why there is no ground for alarm in the present symptoms of discontent and disorder appearing here and there. These symptoms merely indicate a surface disturbance. Trade and industry all through the world have been depressed for a considerable period. As a consequence there has been much suffering, and this has bred discontent, and some turbulence. But whoever desires to comprehend fully the significance of this surface agitation should study English history from 1815 to the passage of the Reform bill. During that period all England suffered from disturbances which in these days would seem to imply hopeless anarchy. There was no dynamite then, but incendiarism did more mischief than dynamite has ever done. Famine, riots, organized outrages, brigandage, epidemic disease, made the country seem a Pandemonium, and this continued for years, and grew worse instead of better, until the timid had some excuse for thinking that a general breaking up of society was imminent. But all that condition of disorder passed away so quickly with the return of prosperity that if we had not historical records to inform us we might doubt the facts.

The great current of civilization went steadily on, unaffected by the foam and the ripples and swirls which agitates the surface of the stream. And just so will it be with all the present disturbances. Civilization is too firmly planted in the hearts and natures of men to be shaken by the lawlessness of a few restless people. They may make a good deal of noise for their numbers, but they can not upset anything. Evolution, not revolution, is the process by which all necessary changes will be made. Dynamite will play no important part in the future, unless it be as the servant of engineering science. There is no basis for apprehension. The world will go on in its slow but sure way to improve its conditions, and it will neither be bullied nor hurried into the adoption of abnormal methods. And in the future, as now, the influence of American institutions, the spread of democracy in Europe, will prove invaluable in preventing dangerous explosions.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

RAT RIDDANCE.

Chloride of Lime Said to be Effective in Disposing of the Rodents.

Allow me to suggest a simple means of getting rid of those pests. In the year 1855 I was in command of the British vessel Tubal Cain, lying alongside the wharf at Melbourne, embarking Chinese passengers for Hong-kong. The wharfs were so infested with rats that it was impossible to prevent their getting on board, and my vessel was well stocked with them. After being at sea a few days, I mustered the passengers—with their effects—on deck, to give them an airing, and for the purpose of giving the passenger deck a good cleansing, and sprinkling some chloride of lime mixed with water. I also had a couple of buckets of the same mixture poured down the pumps. This I continued weekly; when, to my surprise, the rats made a raid on the cabin (poop) on deck, and became so troublesome that neither myself nor my officers cared about turning in at night. A happy thought struck me—that the chloride of lime had driven them from below deck; so I had everything cleared out of the cabin and the storerooms, and freely used the mixture. This had the desired effect, the rats taking shelter in every available place outside. This gave us some good sport, especially on a moonlight night, when all hands engaged in hunting rats and driving them overboard, so that by the time we arrived at Hong-kong not one was left on board. On my return to England, I took a house and furnished it. After being in it a short time, I found that it was infested with rats. They would get through every part on the ground-floor. On examination, I discovered that a drain ran under the house, emptying into the harbor. I here again used the chloride of lime freely; and in less than a week every rat had taken its departure. I have recommended this remedy to many shipmasters and friends on shore; and in all cases it has proved a success. I have occupied my present residence for five years, and we have neither rat nor mouse on the premises. I attribute this to the free use of the above mixture, which is also effective as a deodoriser and disinfectant.—*Cor. Chambers' Journal.*

A Reckless Course.

A young lawyer, stepping out the back door of his office, saw a negro in the act of stealing his coal scuttle.

"Say there, what are you going to do with that scuttle?"

"Who, me?"

"Yes, you?"

"Law, boss, I ain't seed yer in some time. How yesse'f has growed sense dat time. Yer air a great lawyer now, I reckons," dropping the scuttle.

"What were yer trying to steal that thing for, you trifling rascal?"

"Sometimes I kain' he'p but think de white gennerman is goin' crazy. Er pusson o' er 'vestigating' mine kain' pick up er cuis thing ter 'zamin' it widout habin' er white man 'cusing him wid stealin'. Look heah," he added, as he moved away, "yer'll git picked up one o' dese days widout yer draps that reckless cou'se o' yourn."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—The report of the Inspector of Factories and Workshops for the State of New Jersey, recently published, says that the children in these institutions are lamentably lacking. This opinion is founded on the questions put to them. One of the questions was: "Who was George Washington?" and some of the answers were as follows: "He is a good man." "He chased the Indians away." "He died a good many years ago." "He is President." "I saw his picture." "He is a high man in war." "He never told a lie." "He discovered America." "The best man who ever lived."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—It is estimated that the poor, buying in small quantities, incur unnecessary expenses in the following ration: For an ounce of washing soda the poor trading at small shops pay one cent; a grocer will deliver it for three cents a pound. For flour by the pound they pay a sum equal to $9.80 a barrel for a $5 article. They buy butter at the rate of $5 a tub, which would cost $2.50. A half pound of sugar costs them five cents, while a pound would be two cents more. For a 25-cent tea they pay 40 cents. For a 15-cent coffee they pay 30.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A gentleman residing on Pine Ridge, in this county, sent a colored man with two horses to sell down in Franklin County, with the expectation of disposing of the animals. The colored man was to return in five days, but, as he failed to do so, inquiry was made as to the cause of his absence, and the fact appeared to have been developed that the negro was suspected by parties in Franklin County of having stolen the horses and was hanged.—*Natchez (Miss.) Democrat.*